SECTION SEVEN
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Music, Plays, Photoplays and Art Criticism

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Plays and Players in These Parts

THE REVIEWING STAND

By Alexander Woollcott

RE-ENTER the First Grave Digger, breathless. In the distance are heard faint catcalls, laughter and the sound of people dancing in the street. He sits down, mops his brow and gazes around him a little bewildered.

His bewilderment is distant kin to that of the young newspaper man whom Arthur Brisbane engaged long ago as Washington correspondent for whatever New York daily he was then directing. The new boy halted him in an abstracted flight across the littered city room. "I'm leaving for Washington on the midnight, Mr. Brisbane," he said. "Have you any instructions?" The busy Brisbane gazed at him as though he seemed vaguely familiar, identified him at last, paused as though to rake his own thoughts and murmured: "Instructions? Intsructions? Oh, yes," he added, just as he started on his way. "I remember what it was I wanted to tell you. Be brilliant. Be brilliant."

On such occasions one feels a little too much like our dear friend Pip, hauled from the village forge, thrust into his stiff, clattering Sunday best and ordered to report at Satis House for the amusement of that withered recluse, Miss Havisham. Through damp, echoing corridors he was led at last to the dim lit room, where the gloomy, old lady, eyeing him coldly, issued her instructions. She said: "Play, boy."

One should start on such an enterprise with a few decent misgivings, in the manner recommended by one of the wisest men alive when a bouncing English actor came to him for preferment. It is our favorite story. It was on the eve of one of the annual revivals of "Peter Pan" in London when this fellow, who had played one of the roles with some success before, went to Barrie with the suggestion that thereafter he should be featured in the program. "And what might featuring mean?" asked Barrie, with disarming innocence. The actor patiently explained that while he could scarcely ask to be starred, he did hope that in the playbills his name would be separated out from the common herd of the cast by a large AND before it. The AND would constitute the featuring. "AND?" said Barrie skeptically. "Why not BUT?"

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Certainly one might do worse on such an occasion than appear in the program as the First Grave Digger. It is true a dramatic critic thus labeled is entitled to suspect that the term is intended as a reproach. But after all, the First Grave Digger, as we recall him, was a cheerful fellow. A little dogmatic perhaps, and annoyingly socratic in method. Then too he was rather given to misquotation and a pretense of learning that he did not possess. And it is true he did not arrive until the last act. But a good scout withal—properly detached in his viewpoint and ready with a smile for the most funereal occasion.

We suspect, however, that the ancient custom of referring to the play reviewers as the grave diggers or the death watch arises from one of two delusions which seem firmly rooted in what might be called the theatrical mind.

The first delusion is that the critics are immensely cheered up when a play turns out to be a sorry mess. This notion animated the unfortunately recognizable portrait of your correspondent drawn in naughty mood some time ago by that mild caricaturist, W. E. Hill. He was shown standing, long faced and melancholy, in front of a theater between the acts of a premiere, and could be heard muttering: "I'm afraid it will be a success." Now it is a ludicrous idea that the critics relish nothing in the world so much as a rattling good failure. You might as well say of the baseball reporters that they go to the Polo Grounds praying that the game will be dull. As we recall the state of mind of that mediæval prototype of ours in poisonous Venice, the Taster employed to protect the Doge, it was never his way to sigh and say: "A murrain seize the insipid dishes these caitiffs serve my master. Here I've been savoring them a full fortnight and not a drop of prussic acid have I tasted yet."

The other delusion is that it is part of the critic's business to guess whether or not a play will prosper. That is sheer nonsense. Such prosperity is dependent on too many factors that are invisible, incalculable, arbitrary. And, besides, it is the playboy's sole task to describe in the most communicable language he can lay his hands on at the moment the impression made upon himself by the play as performed. That is the beginning and the end of his role in the theater.

But the delusion has cropped up again in a recent statement issued by the redoubtable George M. Cohan and printed in a theatrical weekly called *Variety*. He was discussing the occasionally deleterious effect of frosty reviews on the box office and mentioned proudly the $50,000 advertising expense he had incurred to make a silk purse out of that celebrated sow's ear, "The Tavern." Some, but not all, of the playboys had been bored and genuinely disappointed by that Cohanized burlesque, and said as much. Yet the fool thing achieved some popularity and jogged along throughout the season—never an overwhelming hit but a prosperous venture in the long run. "Thus proving," says Mr. Cohan, in effect, "that the critics were wrong." Also proving, if that is so, that the finest play produced in this country in the last ten years was "Peg o' My Heart" and that Eugene O'Neill is nowhere near so good a dramatist as Samuel Shipman. Which, as the mathematicians say and Mr. Cohan knows in his heart, is absurd.

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This bit of bemused thinking on Cohan's part popped out in a discussion provoked by the semi-annual charge that there is a ring of critics in this mad town. It is actually charged that the reviewers for the different dailies and weeklies *meet and discuss plays*. The police are also looking into a rumor that there is a Bar Association in West Forty-fourth street where, according to the sworn testimony of horrified passersby, lawyers are seen going in and out. On the heels of this disclosure a faithless turncoat ran blabbing to the publishers with a wild tale about a secret organization known as the Authors' League.

Unfortunately in the case of the critics, the charge is baseless. The reviewers of plays in our town are a wildly variegated lot ranging in age from 2 years old (or thereabouts) to 83. They represent a curious assortment of race, creed and tint. Some of them, like schoolgirls at recess, grow sulky from time to time and don't speak to their playmates in the lobby. It is true that five or six of those who write either about plays or movies or music in this town are likely to meet any day at luncheon or across the poker table of a First Day Eve. But it must be ruefully recorded that on such occasions, their small talk rarely reaches the subject of plays. They may take up a wide range of topics from the complexes of Sinclair Lewis to the advantages of a non-carbohydrate diet. They discuss upper West Side rents and the temperature of the Maine coast surf. They debate hotly whether or not *chemin de fer* is a good game (it is a grand game) and whether Niny or Prosper Montagne is the best cook in Paris. Oh, they talk a lot, but they rarely get around to the subject of plays. It is a pity.

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THE WEEK'S GRIST.

THE week just past was distinguished by at least two memorable productions. In addition to an old fashioned and genuinely touching romance called "The Faithful Heart," a mildly agreeable little comedy called "The Ever Green Lady" and some new and warmly applauded antics by the zestful Nora Bayes, both the Theater Guild and the spherical Balieff distinguished themselves.

The Guild started its season on Monday night with a vivid production of the startling Czech play, "R. U. R.," a merciless and incredibly exciting satire wherein the labor problem of the day is neatly solved by the manufacture of countless unconsidered mannequins called robots. The robots are mechanical creatures without feeling or aspiration or resentment. They serve well for the dull and distasteful jobs that keep the wheels of civilization turning. It is extremely convenient, but in the end the robots rebel all over the world and the play proper, before its weak epilogue, ends on the final extinction of the human race. You see the last handful of human beings crouched in a barricaded room, spread beneath whose windows are acres upon acres of these silent, indistinguishable robots. They had been made strong to do the world's labor. They had been trained in arms to fight the world's wars. So they are terrible in their blundering strength, when, huge and irresistible, they force their way in at last—hulking, black nightmares silhouetted for one ominous moment against the crimsoning sky as, one by one, they climb over the balcony railing and drop silent into the room. The piece will be hailed with joy by the Socialist minded folk—hailed by mistake, we think, just as we all sometimes wave fondly to an approaching figure, only to find, on closer scrutiny, that we are being riveted by the chill and inhospitable eye of an offended stranger. This "R. U. R.," like Toller's "Masse-Mensch" and his "Maschinenstuermer" are plays of revolution all three, but they end, one and all, in the ashes of disillusion. They are plays of revolt—and despair.

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As for the third bill of the "Chauve-Souris," it is flawless—immeasurably the best of the three. Perhaps, however, it seems the more so because of its sharp contrast to the recent and rather forlorn effort to share its glory made in another theater—a flattering imitation made by some one who did not happen to know Balieff's secret. With his troubadours keyed to concert pitch, the round comedian from Moscow now introduces a program that is brilliant and joyous and artful beyond words. His smile, therefore—the most remarkable smile of its time—is wider than ever. (Nor is his confederate, Gest, precisely in tears.) Among the new things are two amazing dances by Kotchetovsky, a delightfully mad rendering of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre" and a grand special number in which *Katinka* is wooed and won by our friend, the previously unemotional *Captain of the Wooden Soldiers*. It is intimated—indeed Balieff proudly announces—that the fourth bill will include a christening.

Flora Sheffield, who brings gentle charm and an increasing skill to two roles in "The Faithful Heart," an English romance, at the Broadhurst.

Tallulah Bankhead, who contributes a lot of good looks and considerable ability to the leading role of "The Exciters" at the Times Square Theater.

TALK OF BROADWAY

THROUGHOUT the ranks of the theater a greater interest is accumulating in John Barrymores "Hamlet" than has forerun any Shakespearean production made in this city in the last twenty years. When it became known that the business of selecting a cast would begin one day last week more than five hundred actors crowded the entrance to the Plymouth Theater, where Arthur Hopkins functions as a director. It is reliably reported that every American actress under the age of thirty-seven has been reading the role of *Ophelia* in the hall bedrooms and minor flats of New York in case the lightning should happen to strike.

The curiosity centers on two questions: Who will be the *Ophelia?* And in what manner has Robert Edmond Jones designed the Elsinore? As to the *Ophelia*, it may be guessed that it will be some actress who never before has attempted the role. Rumor has been hovering uncertainly over the names of Peggy Wood, who, however, is booked for a new play by Zelda Sears next month; Genevieve Tobin, a Hopkins protegée not yet committed to any other play, though repeatedly mentioned as a candidate for Miss Adams's old rôle in "Peter Pan"; Vivian Tobin, her younger sister; Rosalind Fuller, known chiefly as a singer of ballads, and Mary Ellis, a young actress who, as it happens, is definitely cast as *Nerissa* in the Belasco production of "The Merchant of Venice."

As for the setting, it may also be guessed that Mr. Jones has not continued in the strain—the severe strain—in which he set the stage for Lionel Barrymore's "Macbeth." After the howl that went up on the first view of that distracting investiture, Mr. Jones was quoted as muttering that he would continue so to design the sets for Shakespeare's plays until the public should catch up with him, even if it killed Arthur Hopkins in the process. On the other hand it is fairly well known that, mingled in that howl, were a few acid remarks from John Barrymore himself. So it seems altogether unlikely that the new Elsinore will bear any resemblance to the distinctly molar Dunsinane which riveted the eye throughout the first act of "Macbeth" or that the ghost of Hamlet's father, if, indeed, he is embodied on the stage at all, will seem kin at all to those three members of the Klu Klux Klan which danced around the caldron in the witches' scene.

The Ziegfeld "Follies" threaten this year to be more of a Broadway institution than ever. The aim of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., is to have them run for a whole year, a la "Sally," at the New Amsterdam Theater, instead of limiting their stay here to the conventional sixteen weeks and then sending them on the road with his blessing. The big show is booked up to January at the big house, and may run longer than that if the fates are kind and the present business clings to the revue. The reason generally ascribed for this, aside from the fact that New York seems inclined to look upon the "Follies" with favor for more than four months, is that conditions on the road have become positively funereal, and while the "Follies" has always cut a wide swath on tour it was deemed best to keep it here rather than run any chances of its curling up in the provinces.

Staid Philadelphia seems to have felt the blight of the warm spell, and during the past week the only shows there reported to be doing good business were Sam H. Harris's "Rain" and his nightblooming "Sally." In Boston George M. Cohan's "Little Nellie Kelly" is said to have been the only recent hit, knocking the bottom out of the market for the other shows. The sad, sad condition seems to have extended as far out of Manhattan as San Francisco. Oliver Morosco is giving up the two theaters at the Golden Gate which he took over only a short time ago with typical California eclat.

Morosco plans to be represented here in force soon. Leo Carrillo is to come for a showdown in "Mike Angelo" on November 11 at a theater that has not yet been spotted. "The Sporting Thing to Do," Thompson Buchanan's latest, is also slated to sit astride of Broadway presently. Enid Bennett, the film star, who was announced as having come back to the stage in this comedy but in San Francisco—though hardly any one seemed to remember that she had ever been on the stage—will be replaced in New York by Frances Underwood, who served as counterpoise to Leo Ditrichstein in "Toto" and "Face Value."

E. Ray Goetz is another manager who plans a strong movement on New York. "Persons Unknown," by Robert Housum, which was called "The Star Sapphire" until Goetz couldn't stand that title any more, will be allotted to Springfield and New Haven next week, with Martha Hedman and John Miltern among the persons whose identity is known. It will come to New York if given elbow room. Goetz's musical comedy, tentatively called "Hayseed"—though because of Goetz's association with A. H. Woods this title will probably perish miserably ere long—is set to open in Atlantic City on October 30, and has designs on Gotham, provided some manager as yet unknown to fame will relinquish a theater for its crying need. A. E. Thomas and Brian Hooker wrote book and lyrics and George Gershwin and William Daly assembled the music. Meanwhile Irene Bordoni in "The French Doll" is said to have been fascinating considerable money in Cleveland during the past week, according to underground rumblings.

"The Love Child," Woods's newest production, has been fledging its feathers lately in Springfield, White Plains and Hartford, without having been viewed once by its foster parent. The manager will see it this coming week when it plays in Providence and decide whether he will allow it out in New York the following week.

Pauline Frederick will drop out of Chicago on November 4 with "The Guilty One" and fight that will on tour. The last week passed without any announcement from A. H. Woods once more that he would produce "The Pearl of Great Price" by Robert McLoughlin, his regular spring special. But then the producer was on the high seas—give him a chance.

Last week passed also without the announcement that Sam H. Harris had bought another play. He has, however, purchased a comedy by Jack Lait, author of "Spice of 1922"—at least he wrote several of the lines. But at present Harris's heart is wrapped up in the forthcoming "Music Box Revue," and he refuses to look into other productions until the payroll of this show is in smooth running order. After that he will probably take up the case of "A Gentleman's Mother" in which Jeanne Eagels was featured during the spring tryout, until she took shelter in "Rain."

This seems to be the day of the young producer, casting his first play at the same time that he casts his first vote. Not only is Michael Goldreyer looming up with "The Last Warning" as one who will soon be sternly refusing passes where once he strew them gayly, but Robert Newman, until recently likewise a member of the ancient and honorable clan of photograph pushers intends to be another infant prodigy among managers. With Basil Broadhurst Newman is fomenting plans to dust off the farce "Under Your Hat," by Paul Porter, which was presented last spring with Arthur Aylesworth featured, under the auspices of Dodd Ackarman. They will offer it this season with a new name and a new lease of life.

Irby Marshall has been added to the cast of "The Wheel of Life," for which Elsie Ferguson will start practicing her fine overtones at rehearsal to-morrow. It will open at Stamford on November 10, with Fisher White as a Buddhist lama keeping alive the current interest in the Swami movement. Incidentally "Hunky Dory," Marc Klaw's first production of the season, will snuff out its light at the Klaw Theater to-night.

This is expected to be John Murray Anderson's last season with the "Greenwich Village Follies," as his three year contract with the Bohemians, whereby he received royalty as well as salary, has now run down. He is planning to branch out for himself, and the new musical show which he is now preparing, and which he wrote with the late Frederic S. Isham, is meant to be a transitional phase, so that one may presently see John Murray Anderson merging with the drama, pure and simple and unjazzed. He is also to stage a revue in London this fall for Charles B. Cochran, the Mæcenas of the British stage.

In passing, it is said that a large part of the money that was melted into producing this year's "Greenwich Village Follies" came from the pockets of Joe Leblang, via the cut rate ticket route. The show last season cost $150,000, but the current offering is said to have been presented at more reasonable rates.

"Blossom Time," which has already been bandied about between two theaters, will once more be torn up by the roots from Jolson's Theater, where it is at present planted. Instead of going on the road, however, this operetta will once more get in the thick of Broadway. The change is necessitated by the fact that "The Insect" hops into the Fifty-ninth Street Theater on October 23.

George McFarlane was reported to be on the verge of leaving the new Shubert operetta, "Springtime of Youth," but this turns out to be a blank report. He will remain with the piece, which when last seen was in Baltimore, heading for New York.

Ned Wayburn will not stage a revival of "Havana" with James T. Powers, as erroneously stated elsewhere during the week. Instead he will direct that star in a musical adaptation of "Somebody's Luggage," the new name of which still lurks in outer darkness. It will be uncovered at Stamford on November 16.

Winchell Smith has gone to his home at Farmington, Conn., in order to tinker upon "The Wheel," which he still contemplates putting in circulation again. He will also work on an idea for another play, which he will write solo and let John Golden steer into the world.

"Merton of the Movies" will be shipped to Atlantic City and Philadelphia for a couple of weeks' resting before opening up on New York. "West of Pittsburgh," by the same indefatigable authors, George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, which, after some spring training, has been laid up for repairs, is also due for a ride into Manhattan.

A PLAY FOR SALE.

Frank Craven is fabricating a comedy for Chic Sale, though it is not known at this writing whether the famous sliphorn will be featured in it. The title of this rural piece, singularly enough, is "Early to Bed." When Craven goes soon to Chicago with "The First Year," he plans to work with Sale on the play, since the protean comedian will be detained for a long vaudeville season in the Loop.

On the way out Craven, at the suggestion of Gov. James L. Davis of Ohio, will stop off at Cleveland and spend part of a day at the marriage license bureau, telling newlyweds how to keep out of trouble at home.

RUGGLES'S GREAT ADVENTURE.

Charles Ruggles, who has just gone into the cast of "A Clean Town," the latest distillation of Nugent talent, recently grew a beard from sheer unbridled devotion to his art, but this effort to sink his face in his part proved a forlorn hope. It was when he was with the Woods in "Lonely Wives," trying to make the public digest this comedy on tour. The point of the piece turned on a double for the leading man, but doubles are very hard to obtain except in fiction. To make it easier to develop a twin for him, the comedian decided to write whiskers into the part. Nay, more, he resolved to grow his own, since a false beard might fall off and embarrass him dreadfully. So he let about the laborious process of growing his own regardless of what the Lambs Club might say.

And then, just when he had brought the beard to the pink of perfection, the show closed.

Ruggles's beard closed with it. He moulted. The British game of "beaver" seems likely to come over here, anyhow. But it was a fine beard while it lasted.

My Dear Sir:

A FAMILIAR COMPLAINT.

To the Dramatic Editor:

Four people who try not to miss anything recommended as fine in the theater went to see "Rose Bernd" last Saturday afternoon. Since then they have had animated and baffling discussions concerning the plot of the play; whether Mrs. *Flamm* is wife or mother of *Christopher*, whether *Rose* was "light" before *Christopher's* relations with her began, what caused her to change her mind about marrying *August* at the magistrate's, and whether she really killed her child or had hallucinations as a result of her suffering. Now you'll say: "These people are morons or are very deaf."

In defense of their mentality, I'll say that one is a recent Oxford graduate, one a high school teacher, one a trainer of teachers and one a newspaper man of long experience. Deaf, then? But they heard every word of Streckmann, for whom, as a consequence, they have a fondness as undeserved as it is immoral. They heard one-half of *Rosie's* speeches, one-third of *Flamm's*, and not one word of Mrs. *Flamm's*. Imagine how thrilling those long conversations in *Flamm's* living room were under such conditions. Let me say that they paid $2.20 a piece for the tickets at the box office ten days before the performance.

I know that managers do not pay much heed to complaints of this sort, so I am writing to a critic in the hope that before he recommends performances to the public he'll do one of two things; either spurn the second or third row orchestra seat given him for the first night and sit in the balcony or else, in the criticism, say: "This is enjoyable as far back as the ninth or tenth row in the orchestra."

Alas for my party! They'll have to buy the book and try to fit the words they read into the pantomime they saw.

ANNA A. FALK.

NEW YORK, Oct., 8, 1922.

BEFORE "R. U. R."

To the Dramatic Editor:

In reading the plot of Karl Capek's "R. U. R." it sounded vaguely familiar. I looked up my "economic" file and discovered a 3,400 word narrative in the Sunday Call Magazine, summer of 1914 (exact date missing), entitled "The Last Man on Earth" by H. J. Barrett, which is identically the same story except that it lacks Capek's sop to the sentimentalists. The mechanical creatures in this version, after exterminating human life, conclude the sorry farce by a grand review down Riverside Drive, down Broadway to the Battery, thence into the Bay. Curtain.

Doubtless a coincidence, but an odd one.

ROBERT STACKPOLE.

STAMFORD, Conn., Oct. 10, 1922.

MISS MENKEN APPROACHES.

Rehearsals began last Thursday on "The Seventh Heaven." Austin Strong's much rewritten play, which deals with the Parisian underworld, and will be something of a departure for John Golden, who has hitherto concentrated on American plays, wherein the crooks had their morals nicely starched. Incidentally Helen Menken will return to the celestial stamping ground of this piece, for she played the feminine lead when it was tried out two years ago, but skipped a year when it was done last season.

MORE MILNE.

It seems probable now that the next play by A. A. Milne to be produced in this city will not be "The Lucky Ones," which is to be produced by the Theater Guild, but "The Romantic Age," another earlier Milne comedy which has waited overlong for its first public performance in New York. This is the fragile and charming piece about a young girl so steeped in the romance of the great days that she looks for a Launcelot to come riding through the forest to claim her and so has no eye for the soapy young men in tweed knickers that flock wistfully around.

This play was first acted here in Madison Square by the Amateur Comedy Club, a good many prowlers from the professional theater went down to see it. This led to a spirited contest for the American rights. Sidney Blackmer wanted it and so did Frederick Stanhope, who was in London at that time. But, since Milne has both an English and an American agent, advance royalties were accepted from both bidders. When the ensuing excitement had subsided, it was found that Mr. Stanhope had spoken first, so he is to make the production.

Leslie Howard, who scored so emphatically in Milne's "Truth About Blayds" and who was last seen here with Marie Tempest, plays the role of the young broker who is on his way from a fancy dress ball when his car dumps him on the roadside and thus he is a mediæval figure astray under a midsummer moon when first our heroine, who is at the aforesaid romantic age, claps her delighted eyes upon him. The role of the girl has been assigned to Margalo Gillmore.

PAST PERFORMANCES

A table of productions made by five producers since August 1, 1919, drawn up for purposes of comparison.

George C. Tyler.	William Harris, Jr.	David Belasco.	Arthur Hopkins.	Theater Guild.
"On the Hiring Line," by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, with Laura Hope Crews.	"First Is Last," by Samuel Shipman and Percival Wilde.	"The Gold Diggers," by Avery Hopwood, starring Ina Claire.	"Palmy Days," by Augustus Thomas, with Wilton Lackaye.	"The Faithful," by Masefield.
"Clarence," by Tarkington.	"The Lost Leader," by Lennox Robinson.	"The Son-Daughter," by George Scarborough and David Belasco, starring Lenore Ulric.	"Night Lodging," by Maxim Gorky.	"The Rise of Silas Lapham," by Lilian Sabin.
"A Young Man's Fancy," by John T. McIntyre, with Jeanne Eagels and Philip Merivale.	"Abraham Lincoln," by John Drinkwater.	"Call the Doctor," by Jean Archibald.	"The Cat-Bird," by Rupert Hughes, starring John Drew.	"The Power of Darkness," by Leo Tolstoi.
"One Night in Rome," by J. Hartley Manners, starring Laurette Taylor.	"The Bad Man," by Porter Emerson Browne, starring Holbrook Blinn.	"One," by Edward Knoblock, starring Frances Starr.	"Richard III.," by Shakespeare, starring John Barrymore.	"Jane Clegg," by Ervine.
"Golden Days," by Sidney Toler and Marion Short, with Patricia Collinge.	"Mary Stuart," by John Drinkwater.	"Deburau," by Sacha Guitry, starring Lionel Atwill.	"Samson and Delilah," by Sven Lange, with Ben-Ami.	"The Dance of Death," by Gustave Strindberg.
"Roxy," by Clare Kummer, with Lola Fisher and Emmett Corrigan.	"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," by Alfred Savoir, starring Ina Claire.	"The Easiest Way," by Eugene Walter (revived), starring Frances Starr.	"Macbeth," by Shakespeare, starring Lionel Barrymore and Julia Arthur.	"The Treasure," by David Pinski.
"Jacques Duval," adapted by George S. Kaufman, starring George Arliss.	"Irish Dew," by Abby Merchant (recently reproduced as "The Ever Green Lady").	"The Return of Peter Grimm," by David Belasco (revived), starring David Warfield.	"Daddy's Gone a-Hunting," by Zoe Akins, with Marjorie Rambeau.	"Heartbreak House," by Bernard Shaw.
"Bab," by Edward Childs Carpenter with Helen Hayes.	"Mme. Pierre," by Eugene Brieux, with Estelle Winwood and Roland Young.	"The Wandering Jew," by E. Tempie Thurston.	"The Idle Inn," by Peretz Hirschbein, with Ben-Ami.	"John Hawthorne," by David Liebovitz.
"Poldekin," by Tarkington, starring George Arliss.	"Banco," by Alfred Savoir, with Lola Fisher and Alfred Lunt.	"The Grand Duke," by Sacha Guitry, starring Lionel Atwill.	"The Beggar's Opera," by John Gay.	"Mr. Pim Passes By," by A. A. Milne.
"Sophie," by Philip Moeller, with Emily Stevens.		"Kiki," by Andre Picard, starring Lenore Ulric.	"The Deluge," by Henning Berger (revived).	"The Cloister," by Emile Verhaeren.
"Chris," by Eugene O'Neill (rewritten into "Anna Christie").		"Shore Leave," by Hubert Osborne, starring Frances Starr.	"Voltaire," by Leila Taylor and Gertrude Purcell, with Arnold Daly.	"Liliom," by Ferenc Molnar.
"To the Ladies!" by Kaufman and Connelly, with Helen Hayes and Otto Kruger.			"The Hairy Ape," by Eugene O'Neill, with Louis Wolheim.	"Ambush," by Arthur Richman.
"Foot Loose," adapted by Zoe Akins, with Emily Stevens.			"The Old Soak," by Don Marquis, with Harry Beresford.	"The Wife With a Smile," by Amiel and Obey.
"West of Pittsburgh," by Kaufman and Connelly.			"Rose Bernd," by Gerhart Hauptmann, starring Ethel Barrymore.	"Boubourouche," by Georges Courteline.
"Alias Jimmie Valentine," by Paul Armstrong (revived).				"He Who Gets Slapped," by Andreyev.
"Erminie," by Jacobowski and Paulton (revived), starring Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper.	"The Straw," by Eugene O'Neill, with Margalo Gillmore and Otto Kruger.	Helen Hayes and Donald Gallaher.	Emerson Browne and Richard Washburn Child, with Lynn Fontanne.	Kaufman and Connelly, with Glenn Hunter and Florence Nash.
"Golden Days" (revived), with	"The National Anthem," by J. Hartley Manners, starring Laurette Taylor.	"Made of Money," by Porter	"The Wren," by Booth Tarkington, with Helen Hayes.	"Dulcy," by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, with Lynn Fontanne.
	"Made of Money," by Porter		"Merton of the Movies," by	
				"Back to Methuselah," by Shaw.
				"What the Public Wants," by Arnold Bennett.
				"From Morn to Midnight," by Georg Kaiser.
				"R. U. R.," by Karel Capek.

Age Before Beauty

Play.	Presented.
Kiki	Nov. 29, '21
Captain Applejack	Dec. 30
Chauve-Souris	Feb. 4, '22
The Cat and the Canary	Feb. 7
Partners Again	May 1
Kempy	May 15
Abie's Irish Rose	May 23
Ziegfeld's Follies of 1922	June 5
Whispering Wires	Aug. 7
Blossom Time (2d eng.)	Aug. 7
Shore Leave	Aug. 8
The Monster	Aug. 9
East Side, West Side	Aug. 15
The Old Soak	Aug. 22
Daffy-Dill	Aug. 22
George White's Scandals	Aug. 28
The Gingham Girl	Aug. 28
The Torch Bearers	Aug. 29
So This Is London!	Aug. 30
Her Temporary Husband	Aug. 31
Molly Darling	Sept. 1
Better Times	Sept. 2
Sally, Irene and Mary	Sept. 4
A Fantastic Fricasse	Sept. 11
Why Men Leave Home	Sept. 12
Greenwich Village Follies	Sept. 12
The Awful Truth	Sept. 18
It's a Boy	Sept. 19
Orange Blossoms	Sept. 19
Banco	Sept. 20
Passing Show of 1922	Sept. 20
East of Suez	Sept. 21
The Exciters	Sept. 22
La Tendresse	Sept. 25
Spite Corner	Sept. 25
On the Stairs	Sept. 25
Rose Bernd	Sept. 26
Loyalties	Sept. 27
Thin Ice	Sept. 30
Malvaloca	Oct. 2
The Yankee Princess	Oct. 2
The Lady in Ermine	Oct. 2
The Revue Russe	Oct. 5
R. U. R.	Oct. 9
The Faithful Heart	Oct. 10
Queen o' Hearts	Oct. 10
The Ever Green Lady	Oct. 11